

## THA TRENCHERMIN

Bill Strugnill, wur a terryable feller ta ate an ta drink; diden matter what, ar how much twur, Bill hood manidge ta get owtzide on't. Wonce wen a wur zat down ta dinner we tha club voke, the cheermin wur carvin a girt vine laig a roast port; “Av zom, Strugnill?” zaays he; “Eece, that I will, measter,” zaays Bill, “an I dwoant keer how long tis, zo ya da cut it nice an thic;” “Here, thee'se better av tha laig hassen,” zaays the cheermin handen un auver nearly a quarter on un. Wonce wen a wur up ta Lunnen at tha Cattle Show, a wur gwain by a aten house, an a zeed a caird up in tha winder, an on un wur printed in girt letters, “Good dinners off tha jint var two shillins a head;” Bill, veelin a bit peckish like gooes in, an zats hiszelf down jist auverite a girt lump a beef, an wich a let into we ael his mite an main var nearly a nower. Bim bye, tha waiter comes up an zaays, as how he mist pay anodder shillin; “What var?” zaays Bill; “Var aten za much,” zaays tha waiter;” “Not I,” zaays Bill, draain out his puss an vlingin down tha two shillins; “Why drat it,” zaays he, “down ower country thay always meaks a reduction if ya teaks a quannity.